

Sunlight And Raindrops On Leaves And TV Antennas

the curvature of the earth he said
and looked
as though he knew what it was about
Einstein dead and unable to disprove him

I looked at her
she laughed in my eyes
twirling my eyes' pupils like keys on a chain
she laughed and said he likes you
that's why he bothers to lie to you

I was flattered
and kissed her hand
the curvature of the earth he said
and challenged me to disagree
but I was holding her hand
and didn't want to stop touching her
to win any argument

I mumbled
of course you're right absolutely
now it was his turn to laugh
while my hand slid up her leg
I studied the look of triumph in his eyes
she laughed again louder this time

I knew
she whispered that hand-kissing
was just a cover-up you're more than that
you're a stud! I bowed to acknowledge the compli-
ment

he moved toward me and put his hand on my shoulder
my fingers had reached the place between the
thighs

his smile was absolutely superior
the bending light does it

his voice was pompous and grand

I nodded

she had put her hand over mine
preventing me from a graceful retreat
he went to the blackboard to illustrate his argument
she leaned to me and murmured

it is all violence of the mind he cherishes

but you know how to make me womanly

I smiled back

I will make you womanly if it kills me
he looked over at our whispering
neither of you is paying attention
I was struck by disbelief
the tears washed down his cheeks
if you lose interest in the argument
then have I won a hollow victory indeed!

wait I said to her

let him be happy

we can take care of the other later
after he's grown lazy in his eloquence
and relaxes into sleep

leave the door unlocked

I'll come back after dark

and wait in the hall

come down as soon as you can

she smiled in appreciation

his happiness

at capturing our attention again
revitalized his voice

I learned

how deeply he had dug into his science
up to now he said we all thought
that particles travelled at a constant speed
but the truth of the matter is

I stopped listening

became engrossed in the contemplation
of how I would fit the arch of her back
to the curvature of the earth

Where Do You Get Your Information?

No spires of any church can touch the feet of angels;
angels are a race apart.

Yet, they forget Sunday mass quite ordinarily.

Who can criticize dancing
around the sceptre of God?

You told me heaven was a sober place
where souls spent all their energy
basking in goodness,